Julia C. Arehart
[redacted]
Breckenridge, Colorado
80424

February 8, 1983

Robert Monroe
Monroe Institute of Applied Sciences
P.O. Box 57
Afton, Virginia 22920

Dear Mr. Monroe,

This is the second time I have read your book, Journeys Out of the Body, the previous time having been around 1975. I have had out-of-body experiences probably since I was quite young, definitely since I was 15 years old. During my years at college (1971-76) I taught myself to go out-of-body at will (not always successful, of course) and had many fascinating experiences. Since that time I have had a quiet period, involved in other activities, such as work and marriage, and the out-of-body experiences have been few and far between. They do still occur, though, and I am now trying to make them happen again at will.

In reading the newer edition of your book I noticed the note at the end of your Foreword, that those who have had out-of-body experiences could write to your Institute. I'm more than curious to find out what your Institute is involved in, and would be more than happy to share my experiences and participate in any experiments.

Your book is a treasure to me, because it has given me another person's view of these strange experiences. I never did think I was going crazy (I guess I have always known I was somehow different), but I never thought anyone would understand what was happening to me. My experiences have included much of what you wrote about, though it came to me - or I interpreted some of it - differently. The voices, the vibrations, the difficulty getting back into the physical (often humorous looking back on it), the fears, the sexuality, seeing the second body arms and the physical ones at the some time, the sudden swift movements, are all familiar. The electrical aspect of it has always interested me, especially since the time I seemed to have blown a breaker, when I had an out-of-body experience and a fuse box was on the wall at the foot of the bed. The landlord never could figure out what blew the breaker.

If an account of my experiences would be of any use to you in your studies, please let me know. If it's possible, I'd like to hear from your Institute about their experiments. I hope you are in good health.

most sincerely,

Julia

Julia C. Arehart

[redacted]
Breckenridge, Colorado 80424

February 24, 1983

Dear Ms. Arehart,

Thank you for your letter, and for your interest in the Institute and the work of Robert Monroe. Yes, please do send us an account of your experience, we would be very interested, and would like to keep them on file, if it is alright with you.

Enclosed please find some background information on the Institute and on HEMI-SYNC. Also enclosed is a list of the tapes that we distribute through Mentronics Systems, Inc.

The 1983 Gateway Schedule is included for your review. If you would like to attend one of our Gateway Sessions, please let us know and we will send you Gateway application forms. Upon receipt of these completed forms along with a $200 deposit, we will reserve space for you and send you several preparatory tapes. We like participants to listen to these tapes (with stereo player and stereo headphones) as much as possible before coming to Gateway.

If you have any questions after reading over this material, please feel free to call or write. Looking forward to hearing from you again.

Sincerely,

MONROE INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCES

Helen Warring

Enclosures

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Route 1, Box 175, Faber, Virginia 22938-9749 804-361-1252

[redacted]
Colorado 80424

March 22, 1983

Helen Warring
Monroe Institute
P.O. Box 130
Nellysford, Va
22958-0130

Dear Helen;

Thank you for writing back to me and sending all the information about the Institute. I also read the article in The Mother Earth News last month and found it very interesting. Although I can't afford the Gateway program I am sending you $95 for the Discovery Tapes (enclosed). It sounds like those will suffice to get me on my way out-of-body again, as well as be beneficial in other ways.

Also enclosed is a description of some of my out-of-body experiences. Upon rereading these excerpts (I left out descriptions of other types of psychic experiences, and most of my rambling musings) it all sounds much less exciting than it actually was. I hope it can be of some use to you. Please excuse the typing, which is a bit messy.

Thanks again.

Sincerely,

Julia C. Arehart

Julia C. Arehart

OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES

by

Julia C. Arehart

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OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES

Julia Arehart

During my high school years, 1967 - 1971, I had what I called "auditory hallucinations." I heard voices while in the state between wakefulness and sleep. The voices would say things to me, sometimes a simple, "Goodnight, Julia," most often odd phrases or questions. The voices were realistic, definitely not imaginary; they frequently startled me so much I'd leap out of bed, expecting to find a person beside me. It tended to make me nervous about going to sleep, and I am still wary of letting anyone sneak up on me while I'm going to sleep. In 1970 I turned to yoga to help me relax and sleep, using the counting of breaths method.

In 1972 an incident occurred that I believe to be my first out-of-body experience. I was ill, although I can't remember what type of illness. I was in bed, during the daytime; I felt my head buzzing and tried to go to sleep. Next thing I knew I looked up to see a blond woman enter the room. She was pretty, smiling, very kind, as she stood by the bed talking to me. She seemed to reassure me that I would be all right soon, though I never recalled her exact words. I felt better, and after she left I went back to sleep. Later, after waking, I asked my mother who the lady was. She was nonplussed, since no one had visited the house. She didn't recognize a description of the woman. I recovered almost immediately. (To my

knowledge, the illness did not threaten my life, and perhaps this was a dream after all, but the reality of it was the same as the voices: I never questioned the validity until afterward, when I found no solid evidence to concurr with my experience.)

I early 1974 I was attending college in Florida when I had a more usual out-of-body experience. I had lain down to nap when I heard a noise outside the apartment door. I tried to get up to see what it was, but felt like I couldn't move. I tried to drag my body over the edge of the bed, and though I felt I was moving, would then discover by looking at my body that I hadn't moved at all. Finally I woke up, being able to tell the difference once I was awake, but during the out-of-body state having been certain I was awake then. This type of experience occurred numerous times.

During September and October of 1975 I kept a journal of out-of-body experiences. Unfortunately I didn't keep up with the journal and any other experiences I might have recorded at the time are evidently lost. In 1975 I had reentered college into my senior year, after taking a year off, and was living in Florida, in a small apartment. Most of my out-of-body experiences have occurred in Florida, near the ocean, during electrical storms.

From my journal: "Sept. 7, 1975. For the past year and a half I have been acutely aware of my bed vibrating when I am relaxing for sleep or meditating. My first reaction to it was one of fear, having just seen the movie 'The Exorcist' in which the bed's shaking was a prelude to demonic possession. In my own experience I had learned that my powers and energies are strong enough to combat any fears or 'evils.' So, I would react to my bed vibrating by summoning all my energies - envisioning a white, moving light - to envelope

my body as a shield. I could always relax within this shield. Lately I have not been calling upon the white light, since the vibrations are so commonplace that it doesn't frighten me anymore."

"Sept. 12. I found two 'power points' in my bedroom, and I moved my bed so that my head is at one 'power point,' head to the south, feet to the north (breaker box on the wall above my feet). The first night that I tried to sleep in that position, as soon as I lay down I felt the bed shake. It was so forceful and continuous that it kept me awake for a long time. Since then I have felt the vibrations wherever I am if I am lying or sitting still."

I would say now that the vibrations were occurring in my body, but at the time I was first experiencing it, I interpreted it as the bed shaking. This was a very creative time period for me. My studies centered around creative writing, art and dance. I have never had a more productive period, and other psychic experiences occurred as well, including precognition, seeing auras, and some mental and emotional telepathy. Here are other experiences, taken from my journal:

"Sept. 13. I had been napping and had wakened, looked at the clock (it was around two o'clock in the afternoon). I heard my 'voices' - at the fringes of sleep I often hear very clear phrases or exclamations, questions - sometimes they have spoken directly to me or called my name. They seem very real and usually I wake up (it's like slipping near another world for a moment then slipping back). This time I suggested to myself : 'I want to go where those voices are.' I heard a young girl's voice, very insistent, saying,

'I want out!'...

"As before, I did not travel, but was still asleep in my bed, or so it seems. This time I seemed to awaken because I was being shaken. I noticed the bed shaking violently, then realized the whole building was shaking, like an earthquake. Then I heard my floor fan running, but in spurts - on and off, on and off. I connected the fan with electricity and became aware of feeling a very strong energy - maybe electricity - running, pulsing through my body. I thought somehow the electricity was running through the whole building and I was being electrocuted. Then I realized that it was my own energy, that I was able to shake the building and I worried that I would have to explain it to everyone.

"I heard the fan turned off, then on again: was someone here? It was a sudden conscious awareness that I was not awake, in the conventional sense, because I couldn't turn my head to look. This has always been my clue to out-of-body experiences. I have thought I am awake but I find eventually that I have no control over my body.

"I heard someone hissing from the direction of my window, as if someone was trying to get my attention. I have a deep fear of being startled this was, of someone creeping up on me, of someone looking in my window. I began to get very upset. I wanted to know what was going on, I had to get up and see, but I couldn't move my body, to wake it up. The sounds continued until I became frantic and still I couldn't wake myself up. I envisioned my consciousness coming back into my body and I felt the electric surge of energy I normally feel when I go 'out.' But it didn't work - I was not back in my body, but I <u>was</u> able to move my head. Then I looked down and realized I had not in fact moved my head.

I tried again, and again felt the energy surge. Now I could move my head and arms. I was trying to pull myself up when I saw, from a little ways above, that my body was still asleep and in the same position I'd gone to sleep in. I could feel my arm in one position and see it in another. I lay back down and tried again, felt the energy again. I tried to climb over the side of the bed, and I succeeded, to my surprise. I thought I'd finally woken back up. I was frantic about the noises so I ran around the room. But the room was different. I ran to the far end to look out the window (there were two instead of the normal one). I saw a man raking leaves outside and connected the hissing sound to that. I was still so wrapped up in fear that I feared him: had he climbed up to my window? I saw my drapes blowing through the other window and went over to have a look. The screen had been pulled and warped so that there were spaces open to the outside. I thought this had been done by someone trying to get in, then considered that perhaps the 'earthquake' did it.

"I really awakened then. Suddenly I was on my bed, in the same position I'd been in when I went to sleep. I looked at the clock - it said 2:20...

"I see now that the voice in the beginning was a consciousness of mine that was expressing herself - she wanted out. My suggestion to my physical self took me there, somehow releasing my other body's awareness. The method I tried, to wake myself up, I see now instead took me deeper, releasing the other body's awareness from my physical body. This is the first time I have gotten that far - always before I was stuck with my body.

"The end part, about the bent screen on the window, has a curious meaning to me. A big brown spider lives in the apartment

with me (not by my choice). I was chasing it one day lately when it crawled through the window in the bedroom. He was one second inside and the next I watched him hurrying off on the outside of the windowsill. I checked for openings and there are none. I saw in my experience today that in another reality the screen is indeed bent away from the window frame, easily enough room for the spider to get through. Does he have access to this out-of-body state?

"The first part, about the shaking and incredible energy, fascinates me. I will never forget the feeling I had then - the entire universe of energy within me, filling me, taking me. At the time, in whatever consciousness, I likened it to sexual orgasm, but more to the Ideal of orgasm, not to its physical reality."

"Sept. 26. Last night I meditated, my first try at going out-of-body on purpose. I tried counting breaths and found I could slow my breathing to the extent I could simply not breathe, as opposed to holding my breath, for 'long' periods of time. But going out-of-body failed. Later, feeling ill, I went to bed early and let my thoughts roam until I slept. Just before dropping into sleep I heard a noise in the palm tree outside, as if the tree was trying to speak to me, tell me something.

"At 3:30 am. I woke up with an awful smell in my nose. I thought it might have been due to the ink I had been working with in the early evening yesterday, which had a strong odor. I stayed up for some time, ate, and read several stories in Tales of the Dervishes. I realized, through the help of the stories, that I am only at the very beginning of finding the knowledge I seek. With this on my mind, I went back to bed at 5:00 am. I heard again the sound in the palm tree, speaking to me somehow.

"I heard other sounds as I was reaching sleep, though I can't remember now if they were voices or just sounds. I think it may have been words that meant nothing to me. Again, I thought to go where those sounds came from. I took a long trip into a dream world..."

Here I described a long, complicated dream. Near the end I began to be conscious during the dream, realizing it was a dream and taking conscious control over it: "My mother and brother and I were speaking about the weather, in particular a thundercloud above my house. My mother termed it a 'living temple' and I drew on my waking consciousness to apply the term in a spiritual and energy-related way. She then took a map and showed me the line of the 'storm,' which began in Virginia, came down to Louisiana and passed through the trailer park my sister lives in, then curved around to St. Petersburg, stopping here. I left them, Mom and Bob, to walk to my apartment then. I consciously thought of trying to remember in the morning to check a newspaper to see if the line I saw in this dream - the storm front - corresponded to a line on a weather map, in waking life. It was in this state of mind I began to change the details of my dream in a conscious way: I was approaching a building that I decided I didn't like the look of, so I willed it to change. I changed it, added on, created an apartment for myself. It was like the control over a fantasy in waking life, but with a different consciousness, for it was very real, I being in a dream world. I went home and got into bed. At this point, my consciousness did change.

"The experience that followed was very real - it was real. I was lying in bed, in my real-life apartment, when I heard my front door open quietly. I heard footsteps on the carpet, coming

toward my bedroom. I looked around and saw a silhouette of a person pass through my bedroom doorway (correct according to the reality of my apartment: the silhouette would be against the light of a street lamp that floods my living room, making the bedroom much darker in comparison). The figure, in shadow, moved around my bed and I was paralyzed with fear. I thought of all my theories of how to handle an intruder and I realized that those theories were for nothing if I was paralyzed with fear in the true incident. I felt wide awake, never questioning whether or not I was asleep.

"The man wore a white jacket, or was wearing all white. He stood beside my bed, to my right. I began to feel that pulsating energy, like electricity, this time in my head. It was stronger and stronger, pulsing through me. Then I heard the man speaking, more like a chant. The sound was garbled, by static,as if the energy in my head was a barrier, making it sound like a faulty radio reception. I don't know what his words were, I didn't listen carefully enough or couldn't distinguish them. I did get up the nerve to look up at him. I believe I truly opened my eyes, as I cannot delegate this to a mere dream. He was older, 60 or 70 was the impression, with tanned or dark skin and a receding hairline, with white or graying hair, a little long and curly. I couldn't see his face, his clothes or his hands seemed to be in the way, or else I was unable to focus on his face. His hands were held out in front of him and over my body, in almost a healing gesture, or that of a priest.

"Suddenly I woke up, switched consciousness. I wanted to, I was so frightened. I kept thinking, why me? If this is indeed the path to knowledge, it is frightening and hard - harder than I can imagine. (I remember that I lowered my eyes again from looking at him because I realized I was in no position to look at him; a

feeling of humility and awe toward a great teacher overcame me.)

"I opened my eyes wanting to find my normal room, and I did. I wanted to get up and turn on a light, but I couldn't move. The pulsing in my head had gone but I still saw flashes of lights pulsing on the outer fringes of my vision. Eventually I calmed down. I felt the presence of 'my teacher' and still felt frightened. When a cricket began to sing aloud I welcomed it and listened to it, because it was of This World. I understood then the need for this world, to come back to. And, as well, I understood the need of the long periods between these experiences. I was begging him, in my mind, to wait before he came back. I actually tried to push away his presence. Finally I got up. The time was 6:30, just before sunrise.

"I had been sleeping naked and found when I woke up that my sleeping position was rather strange. I had my arms crossed across my stomach and was holding onto my sides for all I was worth. I'd slept slightly turned on my ~~left~~ right side. My face felt numb and warm when I awoke."

"Oct. 1. I altered consciouness in my usual way again, feeling as if awake but not being so. I believe I was dreaming, when I heard a laugh from behind me. It was obviously someone laughing at something in my dream, but the laugh was <u>real</u>. The feeling of it was rather hostile; whoever was there was deriding me. More happened, though unclear now; I think I must have heard a voice talking or something going on that upset me. I got up my courage to yell 'Go away,' but found I couldn't speak aloud. Then I knew I had altered consciousness. I forced my voice and heard myself say 'go away,' but it was unclear, like a retarded voice.

I tried to wake myself up. I tried to get up but couldn't. I looked at my clock - it said 6:35, so I thought since it's time to get up I'll be able to do so. I couldn't. I tried again, having trouble pulling the covers off, but finally simply got up. The clock said 6:55. I was going to be late for a class. I hurriedly looked around my room and saw my rocking chair had been moved. The 'person' who'd been bothering me was still around. I felt tired of them. (Couldn't see anyone.) I put on a record by Peter, Paul & Mary and went into the living room where I tried to light a cigarette. I heard clearly the songs on the record - one line mentioned building a place between Gibralter and somewhere, as high as the mountains of Tibet. I couldn't light my cigarette - once again I found my inability to act. My body wasn't there.

"My alarm clock went off and I truly awoke. The time was 6:45. I had left my body and moved into the other room; I am progressively getting further and further from my body in these states. The interpretation of the rest of the experience is up for grabs. There is no such record or songs, my chair had not been moved, and my stereo is not in my bedroom." And the time was incorrect.

"Oct. 4. For the first time, I went into and came out of and out-of-body experience from my waking state. I was resting, lying on my bed, in the afternoon. I had been asleep before but had gotten up and taken off my clothes because of the heat. I was sexually aroused for unknown reasons; perhaps I'd had an erotic dream. Suddenly, a wave of energy flooded me. I was still awake, but immediately knew what this energy was: the same electrical charge I experienced before. It came on in waves until I was completely 'charged,' my consciousness had altered. The energy

pulsated in my genital area. I thought of being raped by an energy entity; the thought enticed me then seemed funny. I was very aware of what went on - I did at times move my body, but I would seem to 'come out' to perform that action, then go right back in. I was unable to move my right arm. I was able to move my left arm, grab my numb right arm, and move it that way. My left arm was free somehow. I left this state quite suddenly. I wanted to, and somehow I hit the key and moved my body some way and came out promptly."

"Oct. 7. Today I went again into an altered state from waking and during the day. I was lying on my left side, nude because of the heat. I had been wanting to change my consciousness so I was trying to figure out how. The intense electrical energy came in a wave again, slowly more and more waves. I felt the energy pulsing in the back of my neck, which was uncovered and which has recently been 'opened up' by a rolfing session. I thought I had pulled the sheet up around my face, but found out later I had not. I was trying to shield my eyes and head in some way. I saw white light in front of me, which helped with the idea of a sheet. I tried to lose myself in my altered state, saying to my mind, 'Go with it.'

"There followed a period in which I went further into another reality. 'People' stood around me, concerned with me (people, but I knew at the time they were more than the people I normally see in this world). I left that place and returned to my self on my bed. With my eyes closed I would feel as if I was moving my entire body, but when I opened them I could see I had not moved. I watched my body as I felt I moved it but my eyes saw it did not move. Then I came out, abruptly. I'm not sure how or why.

"It occurred to me that this electrical flow has been concentrating itself on each different chakra or power center, though I am not familiar with the placement of all seven of them. I know one is the third eye, which would have been the experience with the man standing by my bed, the energy in my head. There is a chakra in the back of the neck,as experienced this time. There is the main power center in the abdomen, as experienced the first time, with a greater intensity and amount than the others. I don't know if there is a center in the genitals, but it seems likely." And is so.

"Oct. 11. Yesterday I was aware of lying on my bed and finding I had two left arms. The one closest to me I could not move, but I could move my right hand and pick up the left and so move it. The left arm which was further away (off the edge of my shoulder it seemed) I could also move freely. When I touched my left arms I found they were neither one an illusion, for I could feel the touch of my finger on each arm, separately. (If a double image I would have felt the touch on both while touching only one arm.)

"Today I was moving in an altered state, the last I remember I was making up riddles, when I felt the burst of electricity centered in the middle of my chest. I concentrated on going with it wherever, then realized I was in my waking state. It must have been the surge of energy coming back into my body, something I have not been aware of before."

I remember a number of other experiences that I did not record in my journal, which petered out the end of October, that year. In one experience I walked outside my apartment into another

time or world. I was stunned to see a huge, black, stark building surrounded by barren sand, instead of the palm trees and garage and lawn I should have seen. The building emitted a low, vibrating hum. Once a friend knocked on my door while I was out-of-body. I came back rapidly, staggered to the door and let him in. I couldn't talk coherently at all; he feared I was ill until at last I was able to say "I was out-of-body." He seemed to be understanding, or at least tolerant, until I was able to get my thoughts together. After the experience of Sept. 26, when the man stood over my bed, I began having trouble with my air conditioner shutting off on its own. The breaker was flipping off by itself whenever the air conditioner came on. The landlord checked it and wondered why the breaker was acting strange. I asked if it could have been the terrific electrical storm we'd had (Sept. 26, during my experience). He said possibly, but he was still surprised. I always wondered if the electrical energy during my experience had something to do with it.

In 1977 I moved to Colorado. The out-of-body experiences continued but without the intensity of the previous years in Florida. In 1979 I got married and, having described my experiences to my husband (Greg), promised I'd try to go to him during an out-of-body experience, to prove what I was doing. He is a geologist and worked at a mine east of where we lived. For several days I practiced going out-of-body but couldn't get beyond the bedroom. Then one afternoon I lay down with the intention of going to see Greg and before I knew it I felt I was moving through darkness at a high rate of speed. But I was moving west, not east. I began to panic, but then the movement ceased andI heard voices nearby. I was in pitch blackness, thinking I must be unable to open my eyes. The voices were

two male, quiet voices, conversing at a distance too far for me to understand their words. I could think only that I'd missed my mark and I wanted to go home. I woke up in bed. I called Greg's office and was reminded he was on a field trip that day - to visit a mine near Aspen, west of our house. As near as we could figure, my experience occurred while he was underground, explaining the pitch darkness. I had indeed been told of the upcoming field trip but had forgotten consciously, and was surprised during the experience when I moved in the opposite direction from that which I expected.

Since that time, my experiences have been few and nothing unusual. I leave my body easily and don't realize I'm out until I try to do something I can't. I seem lately to be too nervous or preoccupied to relax and concentrate enough to make an out-of-body experience happen at will. Perhaps it is essential to have a time of rest.